

Waste.

ADDRESS

OF

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ON

COMMENCEMENT DAY

AT

MIAMI UNIVERSITY

OXFORD, OHIO

THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895



PRESS OF THE OXFORD NEWS CO.

WASTE.

IN the formation of a village, or of a great nation ; of a microcephalous idiot, or of a graduate of Miami University, a vast amount of material is used which does not appear in the final result. This material has helped to make many other living things in the ages which have elapsed since the lingula rocks were laid in their broad beds ; it has been " the daughter of the earth and the water," has danced in air, and floated in blood, and when it has finished its work in one place and in one form, it has begun it again in another. When it is being used in building up a living being, we say that it is " nutriment," " food;" when it is being decomposed and is passing to another stage of existence we call it " waste matter." And, as it is with the material stuff of which living things consist, so also is it with the forces by which the atoms and molecules of this living stuff are moved and controlled, or, if you are monists, and prefer the phrase, which they possess. Under certain conditions we speak of these as " wasted forces," meaning that they are not contributing to our well being or happiness. Even here some of you have no doubt heard of " waste of time," and that " There is no remedy for time misspent, no healing for the waste of idleness;" and many, I am sure, are familiar with the phrase " waste of money;" for this is a matter about which heads of families, politicians, and editors in this country, as in all other countries, have been finding much to say.

Of course people do not agree as to what is a waste of money, and it is well that they do not ; if they did, poli-

ticians and editors would be much more difficult to find than they are now. For example, is it a waste of money to use it in furnishing a boy with a college education, so that he shall have a smattering of Latin and Greek, or, in place of the latter, a bowing acquaintance with French and German; shall know the dates of a few battles and of the deaths of a few kings; shall have crossed the *pons asinorum*, and be able to expound the difference between sensation and emotion, or between sodium chloride and aqua fortis? Some people think that the six years of time, and the money spent in acquiring the varied and extensive knowledge which an A. B. of this college possesses have been to a large extent wasted. Forty years ago I knew several sophomores here who thought so, and who wanted to leave these academic shades and get married, and go into business without further delay; but their fathers had prejudices to the contrary, and the plan did not materialize. To me the answer to this question is much the same as it would be to the question whether a boy wastes his time in growing. As to whether it is a waste of money to support a boy while he is growing,—well—that depends a little on the kind of boy he is, and the kind of growing he does; but in the great majority of cases it is not a waste. At all events it will usually develop and improve the man who furnishes the money, even if the one who spends it does not obtain the same good results; and it is possible that some fathers and mothers do not properly appreciate the instinctive and involuntary efforts which their children make to produce and increase in their parents a proper spirit of unselfishness and charity. In fact, when you look at things at the right angle, so as to see them by a sort of optimistically polarized reflection, there is very little that can be properly called waste, or wasted, in the world. When the base ball pitcher sends in a "hot one," a good many little particles in the muscles of his arm split up into a gas, an acid, and half a dozen substances with Greek names, all of which would be more or less poisonous to the muscle if they staid in it. But

they do not stay in it ; the blood current sweeps them off ; they are thrown out of the body, and the physiologist calls them waste products. In one sense they are ; but directly or indirectly they soon become extremely useful products. The carbonic acid formed in the muscle and exhaled from the lungs is greedily taken up by some plants growing perhaps an hundred miles away, and is used by them to help make stems, or leaves, or seeds. An ox eats the plants, converts them into flesh and fat, and in due course of time these come back to the base ball man in the form of steak, a form in which he can use them again. The carbonic acid has just made a little excursion and returned ready for work.

When the student works at his fifty lines of Horace, until he has beaten the surrounding air into foam with the fluttering leaves of his dictionary, and finds no poetry, and very little sense in the result, which, however, he manages to retain in his memory until the next morning's recitation, when he is not called on—and straightway proceeds to forget all about it—has his time been wasted? If you could see into his brain, with a sufficient magnifying power, just before, and again just after his struggle with Horace, you would see that certain little masses of the brain substance have changed in the interval—that the matter in them has assumed a new arrangement—that the branches of some of the cells have extended and divided, and that the delicate connecting telegraphic fibres between these masses have also changed and established some new relations. These new dendritic filaments and new connections will remain, and the next time he has occasion to stir up those particular cells they will not have to be made afresh ; they will be there ready for use, and thus the machine will work easier, and in doing so will make the new lines firmer and more permanent. He may never again see, or consciously think of, those lines of Horace ; but those little side tracks and extra couplings that he established in his brain while studying them, may serve him well in the distant future, and

enable him to produce the right word at the right time; and much of a man's success in life depends upon that.

A good many boys while in college do not get the best part of the results which they obtain out of their text books, or from lectures. I obtained the greater part of my education here in the old library. I read without guidance, and miscellaneously, taking the books as they came, from Tom Jones to Jonathan Edwards. I did not understand half that I read, and supposed that I had forgotten most of it long ago; but every now and then one of those little brain side tracks comes into play, and whole sentences are repeated to me which I have not thought of for over thirty years. Many boys get the best part of their training from other boys, from the friendships which they form, from the talks and speculations in which they interchange their rather hazy ideas when they are sure they are not going to be reported or laughed at. What a terrible thing that is to a young man—to be laughed at—how he does hate and dread it. To feel that one is thought to be “rather green,” what agony! But to return to our subject of waste—and in particular, waste of time in college. Parents and professors wise as they are, can not always tell when a young man is wasting his time. For example, they are apt to think, when he spends a day in fishing in a little creek, and returns with three sunfish and a sucker, that he has been wasting his time. The fact may be that he has been visiting his castles in Spain,—that the sunshine and flying shadows of the drifting clouds, the murmur of the ripples, and the rustle of the wind among the leaves have mixed with and tinged his rambling thoughts, and that he has been seeing visions, dreaming dreams, and storing up memories which will enable him to appreciate some pictures and some poems that he will meet with by and by. A solitary June afternoon spent in fishing may be by no means a waste of time, and the fewer the fish caught the less may be the waste.

Scraping discords out of a cheap fiddle, and extorting

wheezy murmurs and wailings out of a flute seem waste of time to one's immediate neighbors ; but the player is laying brain side tracks which will greatly increase his enjoyment of music years after he has forgotten how to play a note. Let him scrape and wheeze—within limits be it understood—say limits about eight feet by twelve, including a bed, two chairs, a washstand and a small table—and don't call it waste of time. Of course, in these days of athletics, very few people venture to characterize the work of college teams as waste of time, although intercollegiate games have declined a little in favor recently. Perhaps, to secure harmony on this auspicious occasion, I had better omit a few pages of remarks on this point, and let each side give me credit for what I have not said.

Upon the whole I do not think that it is a waste of money to give a boy a chance to obtain the higher education which a college can give him, nor that those who succeed in obtaining their diplomas have wasted their time; although it must be admitted that there are considerable individual differences in this respect, Times have changed since the author of Ecclesiasticus said: "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough? . . . so also the carpenter and workmaster that laboreth night and day . . . and the smith sitting by the anvil and considering the iron work . . . and the potter turning his wheel about . . . all these trust to their hands, and every one is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited; and they shall not dwell where they will, nor go up and down. They shall not be sought for in publick counsel, nor sit high in the congregation; they shall not sit on the judges seat . . . and they thall not be found where parables are spoken. But they will maintain the state of the world." All that is not quite true here today; but much of it is still true, as it is that "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure."

A considerable part of progress in human welfare is due to increase in knowledge as to the best methods of

utilizing what were formerly considered as waste products. The impurities which must be removed from ordinary illuminating gas to make it fit for use were formerly not only waste, but a nuisance; now they are carefully collected, and from them are manufactured valuable plant foods, and some of the most beautiful of the aniline dyes. It is true, however, that in this country we still waste millions of dollars worth of coal products—as for example, in preparing coke.

The hydrochloric acid fumes which formerly escaped from the chimneys of great chemical works in England, and killed the grass and herbs within a mile of the place, are now collected and condensed, and are a source of profit to the manufacturer. In a properly conducted slaughter house, the blood, hoofs, hair; in short, every part of the animal, is utilized in some way so as to repay the expense of collecting it, and of preventing it from becoming a dangerous nuisance.

Now, in like manner, a considerable part of the useful education and training of a man for the business of life is connected with increase of knowledge as to how to utilize time which is liable to be wasted, or to be so employed as to produce unpleasant results to the person himself and to those who are associated with him. A young man beginning a professional or business career very often has a number of spare hours which may be a burden rather than a relief to him. Waiting for clients, patients, readers, or customers, is apt to be a tedious business, since they are such creatures of habit that they are slow to appreciate the immense advantage which they would gain by calling upon the bright young college graduate for what they want instead of sticking to their old friends. And very few young men are good company to themselves for any length of time. A wise thing to do under such circumstances is to contrive some routine occupation for one's self; something to be done, not so much for immediate pecuniary remuneration, as for the mental and physical exercise and occupation

which it will afford. In selecting and devising such work the young man who has had such an education as to create in him a thirst for knowledge for its own sake, and to give him some training in scientific methods of investigation, has a great advantage; and hence that college does the best work which trains its students to observe, investigate and think for themselves, while at the same time it is teaching them what tools are best suited for each kind of work, and how to use them. These tools may be grammars, dictionaries, and works of reference; or balances, culture plates, and microscopes; the essential principle is the same for all, and that is that the results to be obtained from them depend mainly on the character and training of the brain which uses them.

Whatever be the character of the occupation which a man chooses for what would otherwise be his waste hours, it is by no means undesirable that it should involve a considerable amount of what is commonly called "hack" or routine work; that is to say, work which is not in itself specially interesting, at least at first; but which does not call for so great mental effort as soon to produce fatigue, nor should it be too much specialized. Some of it at all events should correspond to what ladies know as "knitting work," that can be taken up or put aside at any moment. And in many cases it is much wiser to try to like what you are doing than to strive to do what you like.

This prescription is not a panacea—it is not good for everybody—nor for anybody at all times; but I think that the great majority of men and women will find it useful, although they may have to wait until they are fifty years old before they can fully appreciate its value. When troubles come which cannot be avoided, anxieties which it is hard to forget, the loss of a dear one who cannot be replaced, work is one of the best means available to dull the pain, and to hasten the passage of the lagging hours—work done for the sake of the work rather than for the results. The man who knows little of, and cares less for, anything

which is not directly connected with the means which he employs for making money, has a dreary outlook before him when he retires from business ; for he does not know what to do with his time, which thus becomes waste time in the full sense of the term, and may even be spent in vainly regretting some of the uncommitted follies of his youth.

Waste products are liable to become nuisances, which are not only disagreeable but dangerous, and the difficulty in disposing of them is apt to increase with the aggregation and density of population. Into a large city there must be brought day by day large quantities, of water, food, fuel, and materials for clothing, building and manufactures of various kinds. In the use of these things the matter is not destroyed, not an ounce of it ; it is merely made to take different forms, some of which are directly useful while others are not. If the city is to be kept clean and healthful, and is not to be gradually buried in accumulating debris, the greater part of what goes in must come out ; or, as the boys used to cry when they tossed stones in the air at such an angle that they would fall in your vicinity, " what goes up, must come down." And you are living in an age of cities, which are increasing marvellously, while the villages and rural districts are stationary, or diminishing.

This problem of what to do with the waste, the garbage, the ashes, the sewage, the water fouled by household or manufacturing uses, is a very serious one for many cities ; because the mere carrying them outside the municipal limits, or throwing them into a stream, is not permissible, since they may thus become a danger to the health of other cities. Now that we are beginning to understand more precisely why it is that some of these waste products are offensive, and sometimes injurious to health, we are beginning to see our way to dispose of them so that they shall neither be injurious to ourselves nor to our neighbors.

" Every work rotteth and consumeth away, and the worker thereof shall go withal."

Whenever a large number of men are gathered in a

city there will always be found among them a certain proportion of waste men,—men who, like city refuse, are not only of little or no use, but some of whom are more or less offensive and dangerous. These are the beggars, tramps, and criminals of a community, many of them congenitally defective, born mentally or physically misshapen—the inheritors of the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children—ignorant, idle, vicious, and hating the honest citizens who do their own work, and enforce the laws and regulations without which civilization is impossible. Some of them are not necessarily and originally waste products, but have become so—in most cases by their own folly—in a few cases by reason of sickness and misfortunes for which they themselves are not responsible. The congenitally degenerate were such from the time when their first blood corpuscles were developed, and the salts of lime first began to be deposited in the cartilaginous sketches of their future bones; the others began to go to waste after they were ten or twelve years old. Sewage is probably inseparable from humanity, and there will always be a certain number of failures among men, as there have always been. I do not include among this class of waste men those who, by reason of age or infirmity are unable to work, but who have in their time done useful work from the proceeds of which they are now supported; nor those who are supported by their relatives; but only those who must be cared for at public expense.

✓ We hear more of this waste humanity nowadays than we used to do; not that the proportion has increased, but that it has been discovered, and more attention is given and called to it by the press, the politicians, and the professional philanthropists. The proportion of beggars, thieves, drunkards, and “ne’er do weels” was quite as great in mediæval cities, or in the cities of the last century, as it is today; but the average life of each was shorter. / Now what is to be done with this kind of human waste? can its increase be prevented? can it, or any part of it, be in any

way made useful? and how shall the rest be disposed of? These are problems which ought to be of some interest to the members of this graduating class. In the first place, can you preserve yourselves from becoming a part of, or contributors to, this rubbish heap? Most of you no doubt can, and will; but, speaking from the statistical point of view, there is a chance that there is at least one here who is even now on the verge of taking the downward path, who will indulge his appetites until he ruins his arteries, who will become known as "nobody's enemy but himself," and who may curse the community with children in whom there shall be no health. Can this young man prevent this conversion of himself into refuse? It is possible, but he must do it now, for it will probably be much more difficult, if not impossible, a month hence.

Now why should this kind of waste humanity be of interest to college graduates? Well,—one reason is that you have got to help support the people who compose it. Probably you are not paying much in the way of taxes just now; but all the same, for the support and care of these people you must help to pay; you must pay for what they use and destroy, for the police who look after them; for the criminal courts which try them; for their jails and prisons; for the hospitals which they fill, and for the cheap board coffins in which they finally do, perhaps, become of some little use. /

Another reason is that your responsibilities in connection with the mode of life and actions of the workers for small daily wages, and for those who cannot or will not work at all, are likely to be more pressing than they were in the case of your predecessors of the last generation. We who are now getting ready to pass from the stage, had some special difficulties with which you will probably not have to contend—such for example as a great civil war, and some serious epidemics—but the social fabric will now probably last out our time, even with free silver and populists controlling the senate. But you who, by reason of your oppor-

tunities, should be among the men of affairs who are to influence the destinies of this nation for the next forty years, may be called upon to deal with a tide of discontent, and a growing desire to change some of the foundations upon which civilized society has thus far rested; such as have not heretofore existed in our day. I suppose most of you are familiar with Nordau's chapter on "The dusk of the nations" and will remember one or two of his sentences:

"There is a sound of rending in every tradition, and it is as though the morrow would not link itself with to-day. Views that have hitherto governed minds are dead or driven hence like disenthroned kings, and for their inheritance they that hold the titles and they that would usurp are locked in struggle . . . Massed in the sky the clouds are aflame in a weirdly beautiful glow, while over the earth the shadows creep with deepening gloom." Nevertheless, as Nordau intimates, this "moral sea sickness" affects the great mass of the people but slightly, and need not be a source of grave apprehension. That the turmoil and unrest can be dealt with wisely and justly, so as to preserve all that is desirable in our civilization and our government, I believe; but if they cannot be thus adjusted, and the problems must at last be solved by blood and iron, you must be ready to play out the play as the lines are written. That any widespread and general attempt to carry out the dreams of the anarchists will be made in this country there is not the least reason to fear; but that local disturbances, which partake more or less of this character, will occur, is very probable, and that you may incur responsibilities connected with these is not at all unlikely. Civilized society rests ultimately upon force, stored force which just now is not conspicuous and threatening, but which can be drawn upon as required, and which can be defied for but a little time.

The wilfully idle, and vicious and criminal classes of the population are not, of themselves, more dangerous to the well-being of the community now than they have always been; but they are being more stimulated to violations

of the law by people who do not belong to their class than was formerly the case. As the chief dangers connected with the presence of organic refuse in a city are due, not to the refuse itself, but to certain micro-organisms which find in it materials suited to their growth and development, and to the fermentations which these produce, or to the flies which busy themselves about it, so the tramps and hoodlums of a city are not specially dangerous until they are incited to action by demagogues of various kinds,—that is to say, by men who hope to gain office, or notoriety, or money, by talking and writing about them; or by inducing them to vote for their defenders and friends. The vicious and criminal classes rarely initiate mobs and riots; but when these are started they take part in and control them, and often succeed in inciting honest and well meaning men to follow and join them in acts of violence; for a mob becomes, as it were, hypnotized, and many men entangled in it will do things which they would strongly condemn when in their sober senses.

There are two great difficulties connected with dealing with city refuse. The first is that its production is not limited to certain localities, to slums, but that it comes also from the most fashionable districts. The same is true with regard to the cities waste of humanity; it is by no means confined to the poorer and ignorant classes; the *degeneres* of various grades are to be found scattered through all circles of society, and some of those who are among the foulest dregs were once authors, clubmen, fashionables.

The second difficulty is to distinguish and separate that which still has some utility and value—that which results from complete use and is harmless, and that which is still decomposing, offensive, and possibly dangerous. A city's refuse contains occasionally bits of gold, and even jewels; it always contains a considerable amount of paper, bottles, cans, rags, and other matters which give profitable employment to collectors. It also contains much ashes, harmless, except as taking up needed space. The human waste also

has its gems—and its ashes.

These crude analogies must not be pushed too far, or they will lead to very absurd conclusions. The cremation of garbage may be a very good way of disposing of it, but it cannot be recommended for all tramps. How then can we turn the human waste to best account and what are we to do with it? I have no compendious formula to present to you as an answer to this question; no special system of sieves or filters to recommend; but it seems to me that looking after the children and seeing that each is put to his proper use is an important factor in the solution.

Within the last fifty years physicians of an inquiring turn of mind have at times thought it well, in attempting to decide as to what is the best treatment for a certain disease, to begin by asking "what is the course of this disease when it is let alone?" how does the organism dispose of the disturbing matters introduced, and repair the damage when it is either let alone or merely supported and strengthened in a general way?

And, from the reports of these investigators, and of those produced by pure homœopathy, we have obtained some very useful information, among which is the fact that in a considerable number of cases of disease it is best not to interfere with the natural processes of either getting rid of it or of accommodating the organism to its results. This is, of course, by no means always the case; nor is this course often satisfactory to the friends of the patient, even if the patient himself does not object.

What then happens if the waste humanity to which I have referred is left without government interference, unless it produces too much pain and discomfort in the rest of the municipal organism? It is disposed of somehow—but how? The chief agencies are alcohol, certain forms of contagious disease, and private charity. To the effects of alcohol, both direct and indirect, in cutting short the career of the waste class I need merely refer. Its action in some cases is however too slow to produce satisfactory results, and as it

causes vastly more degenerated humanity than it destroys directly, it is not an agency to be sought for or encouraged. Of the contagious diseases which sweep away this class of people I will mention but one, tuberculosis—better known to some of you perhaps as consumption. This is the disease which kills the greatest number among the ignorant and criminal classes in cities, causing a much greater mortality among them than among other people. Unfortunately, it is not confined to them; for it also attacks the best, and wisest; but its ravages are far the greatest among the failures and wastes of humanity—in prisons, in asylums for the insane, in the slums of a great city.

The most important agent, however, in dealing with the wastes of humanity is private charity; not only because of the relief which it gives to the needy, but because of the good effect it has upon those who bestow it. No municipal system of inspections and of elaborate provision for, and supervision of, those who are unwilling or unable to provide for themselves, can be relied upon to produce such good effects upon the great mass of the people as private charity. There are, no doubt, many things which our cities ought to do for the poorer classes which they do not do—such as, for example, the providing of hospitals for contagious diseases, of mortuaries or places in which the dead can be cared for before burial without the necessity that the corpse shall remain for two or three days in the single living and sleeping room of the family; of public wash and bath houses, and so on;—but there are also many things which it is probably best to leave to private charity to provide for. Charity which is due to fear, or to compulsion, is no longer charity; it is, in most cases, merely a submitting to robbery.

You have your health and strength, and knowledge; and by the possession of these you hope to win wealth and power, and, in so far as you obtain these, you will become the directors of the work and rewards of others, and it will be your duty to take care of the feeble, of the fools, and of those who have not had your opportunities, or, having had

them, have wasted them. I say "it will be *your* duty" to do this, not that "it will be your duty to get laws passed compelling other people to do it." *Gab es keine Narren, so gab es keine Weisen.* Moreover, the mere giving of money to people who say that they need it, in order to be rid of their importunities, is a very poor kind of charity; sometimes it is mere paltering cowardice, as it was with many of those who contributed to feed and push forward Coxey's troop of ragamuffins.

This word "waste" which I have used so often is a very suggestive one in its threefold application as adjective, substantive, and verb; and it is none the less so because it is rather vague, having many significations, although all of them imply something relating to unproductiveness: "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste;" "The level waste, the rounding gray;" "The Libyan waste;" "The stubborn Thornaby waaste," of Tennyson's Northern Farmer; City waste; Government waste,—all have this correlative significance, and with it connate something more or less unsatisfactory which should be lessened or improved. But, as I have already hinted, what seems waste to one person may give great satisfaction to another and that which seems useless may be far from being so. There are many very beautiful things, and also many unpleasant things in this world—which it is difficult to see the use of—but which we do not call waste. Of such are the aurora, and the hidden anemone which no one sees; the cyclone, and the grief of the mother over her dead child. It is not wise to spend much time in speculations about the utility of these things, for we have no unit of measure to apply to them. We have certain faculties for emotion, rejoicing, sorrow, love, anger, awe or adoration—faculties intended to be exercised, and to furnish motives—but not to be kept in a state of constant stimulation. We know that excessive and persistent emotionalism is a sign of the unbalanced nervous system which pertains to the hysteric, or the fanatic; and for this reason, those whose occupation is to stir the emotions are

often under a slight cloud of suspicion as to the soundness of their judgment. The professional philanthropist, the professional patriot, the professional agitator for the rights of labor, are all apt to be viewed with some distrust. Genuine emotion is a powerful force, but each man has capacity for only a limited amount of it, and it is not a wise thing to waste it, nor to seek for means of strongly arousing it merely as a source of pleasure, or as a means of passing the time.

I grant that at times a man's emotions are a better guide for his actions than his reason; but such times do not come more than about thrice in a lifetime; and reason, stimulated by the emotions, yet guiding and controlling them, is the guide upon which one must rely in the daily walks of life. In scientific investigation the emotions should be suppressed; the balance must not tremble, the measure must be impartially applied; but science alone will not satisfy the cravings of any normally constructed man, and for that matter neither will art alone, nor any creed alone, and to attempt to make either of these the sole object of existence and thought, is to waste organs and forces which have been given us to use, and to enjoy the use of. Seek, therefore, a broad culture, and an interest in other men's work as well as in the little narrow field with which you are occupied, yet make sure that you know this last thoroughly. Occasional rest and amusement is not waste; incessant labor is a bad motto; "Men moet de koe wel melken maar de spenen niet aftrekken," said once a wise Hollander, meaning that you can milk the cow sufficiently without pulling off the udder.

The last form of waste to which I wish to call your attention today, is the waste of worry. No doubt this at times has its utility. It is said that a dog needs a few fleas on him to ensure him some exercise; but worry always damages the person who indulges in it; even if it is sometimes the means of stimulating other people into doing something.

To worry is to increase and prolong your trouble, instead of letting it slide as far as possible. And to worry about the doings and sayings, and ways of other people is generally wasteful. You may not approve of them, but to be annoyed or worried by them, to feel that you cannot endure them, that is another matter. | It is curious that people who are intolerant of the ideas or manners of other people will often rather seek the company of those people than otherwise—they have a sort of morbid desire to be irritated. | Young men do not often suffer greatly from worry; it begins when they are fairly established in business, and then if they do not deal promptly and wisely with its beginnings they are apt to become its slave; it turns the rose and gold of life into gray and black. Women, I think, suffer more from it than men. Now, if when these worrying moods come on, you will just recognize them for what they are, and say to yourself, all this is rubbish, waste,—let us turn to something else—you will find that you can get rid of them much sooner than you had supposed, and that each time it becomes easier to do this.

Don't worry about your future. You can plan it, and provide for it to the best of your short-sighted ability without that; and don't worry over your past—for that is waste of time, of energy, of hope, and of faith. Take up your burden, whatever it may be. Time "that makes such waste in brief mortality" will soon shrivel or unloose it, or else fit your back to it. That life is wasted which has furnished no help to others—which has demanded, and received, but has not given.

! Don't indulge in too much introspection; beware of private theatricals. St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar, or an East Indian Fakir contemplating himself, is not a good model for an American. |

"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do:
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use."

